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THE BELL RINGER

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MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

JUNE 3, 1993

M.B.A. Bids Farewell to



The Class of 1993

Patrick Wilson Library

One Last Look at *The Bell Ringer* 1992-93



Photo by John Crosslin

**Will
Berry**
**Editor-in-
Chief**

Well, this is it, the seventh and final edition of *The Bell Ringer*. 1992-93 has been a year of landmark change and improvement for this publication, which has improved in content, appearance, and distribution. As the staff of *The Bell Ringer*, we have striven to produce a paper which reports the accomplishments of the student body, both academic and athletic, raises issues relevant to campus life, controversial or otherwise, and at the same time entertains and offers a humorous view of life.

At this time I would like to provide a recap of the more memorable features of the 1992-93 *Bell Ringer*. The News section, under the leadership of Thomas Springer, covered several monumental

changes and events at M.B.A. Throughout the year, the News section chronicled the opening of the Joe C. Davis Building, its dedication, the careers of retiring teachers Mrs. Lowry, Mrs. Bowers, and Mrs. Hollins, and in this issue, the plans for the renovation of the Ball Building. In addition, a new section was added within the News, in which the accomplishments of different clubs and organizations were highlighted.

The Opinions section, under Andrew Vahrenkamp, analyzed many of the controversial issues on campus and also provided some interesting debate on the November election. With such writers as Winston Chapman, Chris Kuhn, Andrew Fitzgerald, and Bo Sundius, as well as numerous letters to the editor, the Opinions section was unpredictable and offered many different (and some extreme) points of view. In spite of some school-wide tensions, the Opinions section

remained the voice of the student body throughout the entire year.

The Entertainment Section, under the leadership of Andy Anderton, offered an alternative (and often humorous) approach to journalism. The variety of articles helped to enlighten readers on almost every subject imaginable, from the concert scene at Starwood to Madonna's book and *Malcolm X*. *Country Corner* and *Metal Corner* have been constant features throughout the year, and movie reviews were published on several occasions during the second semester. Aaron Peterson also drew cartoons throughout the year.

The Features section, which falls somewhere between Entertainment and Opinions also provided humor and life to the paper. *News Most Papers Would Be Ashamed to Print* and *Dr. Dickey's Dating Dilemmas* were two of the most popular columns in this section.

The Sports section, under the leadership of Julian Bibb, provided an inside look at the successes of all of our varsity athletic teams. Special features of this section included the use of statistics as well as interviews with several of the coaches. Other features of the Sports section were the *Sports Trivia* column started in the second semester and *The Tennessee Outdoorsman* which provided an interesting report of the local hunting and fishing scene.

One landmark new feature of *The Bell Ringer* this year was the first ever flyer edition of *The Bell Ringer*, an idea first thought up by Adam Solesby. The flyer served to make the sports articles more up-to-date, as well as presenting us with an opportunity to cover news flashes. Another new feature of the paper was the use of red coloring on every page of each issue (except this one) to make the paper easier to read.

Another important accomplishment of the 1992-93 *Bell Ringer* was its increase in distribution thanks to Chip Crossman and the later formulated distribution staff of Andy Anderton and Greg Holyfield. The distribution staff spent many Friday afternoons roaming the halls of Harpeth Hall and St. Cecilia, passing out copy after copy of the paper.

The Bell Ringer also co-sponsored a successful dance with *The Bell* after the

Pearl-Cohn football game in which M.B.A. band Solomon Grundy played.

First and foremost, I thank Dr. Paschall for his help, both in funding and his support of our efforts. Without his help, *The Bell Ringer* could not be published. I hope that all of the future editors can recognize what a great friend to the paper you are.

I also thank our advisor Dr. Griffith for his help in supervising the whole process. I also owe my gratitude to the other editors without whom the paper could not be printed as well as anyone who wrote or typed or contributed in any manner.

In addition, I would like to thank Mr. Weaver for his aid in gathering pictures as well as his helpful advice. I would also like to thank Mrs. Welhelter, whose proofreading efforts substantially reduced the number of errors in the paper.

Lastly, I would like to thank the student body and the faculty for their interest and support. Without readers, a newspaper is not very useful.

I am very grateful for the wonderful opportunity I have had to publish this paper, and I have enjoyed the many challenges and the rewards of this position.

Well, Robert, you're Editor-in-Chief now and you are in for a difficult but rewarding year ahead. Best of luck in taking this publication to the next level.

The Old...

The Bell Ringer

Editor-in Chief: Will Berry

Copy Editor: Kavi Paruchuri

Opinions Editor: Andrew Vahrenkamp

Entertainment Editor: Andy Anderton

Business Editors: Chris Trabue

Peter Stahl

Thomas Springer

News Editor: Tom Springer

Sports Editor: Julian Bibb

Special Events Editor:

Robert West

Photography Editors:

John Crosslin

Winston Chapman

Advisor: Dr. John Griffith

Staff Writers: Frazer Buntin, Winston Chapman, R.A. Dickey, Jim Dismukes, Andrew Fitzgerald, Kyle Hatcher, Greg Holyfield, Winn Keathley, Aaron Peterson, Samuel Smaldone, Sean Strauss, Bo Sundius, Flagg Youngblood, Andy Barrett, Jason Bennett, Jim Bowen, Taylor Harris, Bobby Hartman, Michael Haslam, Chris Kuhn, Brooks Martin, Barrett Rose, Beau Tidwell, and Matthew Berry

Copy Staff: Samuel Smaldone, Sachin Vaikunth, Winn Keathley, Jason Bennett, Chris Trabue, Ben Griffin, Richard Chen, Steven Ward, Rob Whitley, Matthew Berry and Michael Burke

Business Staff: Rob Whitley

Distribution Staff: Andy Anderton, Greg Holyfield, and Chip Crossman

The New...

The Bell Ringer 1993-94

Editor-in Chief: Robert West

Copy Editor: Taylor Harris

News Editor: Jim Bowen

Opinions Editor: Jason Bennett

Sports Editor: Andy Barrett

Entertainment Editor: Brooks Martin

Advisor: Dr. John Griffith

M.B.A. Unveils Plans for Renovation of Ball Building

by Jim Bowen, Staff Writer

In the past two years, many distinct changes have come in the M.B.A. campus. With the new Davis Building, re-vamped Wallace Hall, and the beautifully landscaped Sloan Quadrangle, M.B.A. has entered the 90's with a whole new look. Adding to this growing list of improvements is the remodeling and refurbishing of the Ball Building scheduled for this summer. As the central building of M.B.A.'s campus, this famous building has endured much wear and tear during its long and distinguished history. However, as the years have passed, the need for improvements

has become apparent. This summer will mark a new beginning for the Ball Building.

Though the outside will remain basically unchanged, the interior will be completely revamped. The ground floor, currently the main hang-out for students, will be transformed into an administrative center, housing the M.B.A. offices, the teachers' lounge, and the headmaster's office, as well as much needed conference

rooms. The second floor, too, will undergo many changes. Continuing to house student classrooms, the second floor will also include a basis for the Admissions Staff and the Development Offices. The third floor, currently used mainly for storage, will undergo the most dramatic changes affecting the student body.

Changes will hopefully include a student lounge and new separate offices for the yearbook and news-

paper staffs. Ideally, this would provide an opportune "hang-out" for students as well as much-needed space for the student-run newspaper and yearbook organizations. As for the basement, its use is still being finalized. The New Ball Building will affect all involved in the M.B.A. community. With updated and spacious offices, a much improved faculty lounge, and better classrooms for students, everyone should be pleased with the result. The revamped Ball Building will help showcase the "new, improved" M.B.A. lead us toward another successful era on the Hill.

Mock Trial Places Fifth in Nation

by Tom Springer, News Editor

When we last saw our Mock Trial team, they were off to the National Competition in Atlanta, Ga. There, Tom, Suresh, Sachin, Pete, Michael, Flagg, Shannon, and Greg competed in a pool of thirty-seven state champion teams under the leadership of coaches Jo Moser and Wade Cowan. The team went undefeated in all four rounds, and finished fifth in the Nation; however, there was controversy over the results, as it was apparent that M.B.A. was one of several teams to suffer from tab room foul-ups.

Nevertheless, the team enjoyed its stay in the tool shed—the Atlanta Hyatt Regency—and would like to thank in particular Wade and Jo, the Nashville Young Lawyers Association, and the school administration.

Cum Laude Inducts New Members

from Staff Reports



1993 Cum Laude Inductees

In 1906, the Cum Laude Society was established as an organization patterned after Phi Beta Kappa with the objective of providing recognition for outstanding academic achievement among high school students. Since Montgomery Bell Academy established a chapter in 1980, the school has sought to recognize select members of the junior and senior classes each spring. This year, members-in-

course were Jody Cummings, Bartley McGehee, Kavi Paruchuri, Samuel Smaldone, Alan Sundell, and Andrew Vahrenkamp. Inducted this year were juniors Jim Bowen, Hugh Gaston, Michael Haslam, and Taylor Harris, and seniors John Arendale, Matt Barrett, Baker Eadie, Brendan Hughes, Thomas Springer, and Sachin Vaikunth.

Student Council 1992-93

by Mark Fuqua, Student Council President

The 1992-93 school year was another successful one for the student council. Under the guidance of Mr. Regen, the council began the year with a leadership training course at Adventure Works, in which the members worked together and set their objectives for the year. Under the leadership of senior officers Mark Fuqua (president), Bartley McGehee (vice-president), Frazer Bunnin (secretary), and Kirk Brown (treasurer), the council served as a bridge between the students and the faculty. Besides helping the class officers run assemblies on a regular basis, the Student Council also organized and helped man the once-a-month soup kitchens. The junior representatives

Please see **STUDENT COUNCIL**, page 10

Spring Concerts a Success

by Tom Springer, News Editor

Harpeth Hall and M.B.A. joined forces on the evening of May 16 in the Davis Building Auditorium. The concert began with a performance by the Harpeth Hall and M.B.A. Middle and Junior School choruses. Carole Ann Trout, Yonit Adelstein, and Jim Miller then sang a trio from the play *Les Misérables*. After a solo performance by Brandon Hulette, the audience was treated to a unique combination of talents. M.B.A. teacher and college counselor Richard Wright demonstrated his abilities by singing a piece composed by M.B.A. freshman Todd Lawrence. M.B.A. chorus director Dr. Cassel, and Harpeth Hall student Anna Kristin Coker played piano and violin, respectively, to complete

Todd's Trio in G Minor.

The second segment of the concert featured a performance by the combined HH/M.B.A. Chamber Orchestra, which then accompanied the HH and M.B.A. choruses as they sang Mozart's *Ave Verum Corpus*. Each school's chorus then performed a number of selections, including Vivaldi's *Gloria* and concluding with the combined performance of *A Whole New World* from the movie *Aladdin*.

On May 22, the M.B.A. jazz band and the combined M.B.A./Harpeth Hall Chamber Players presented their Spring Concert. The Chamber Players, including Mary Hunt Martin, Nikki Voysey, Lindsey Smith-Trostle, Sarah Costonis, Lesley

Grantham, Katie Sulkowsky, Ann Watson, Michelle Daugherty, Erik Daugherty, and Keigo Hirakawa featured works by Mozart, Vivaldi, Handel, and Bach. The M.B.A. Jazz Band spiced up the evening, performing tunes by artists such as Lennon, McCartney, and Van Morrison. Highlighting the Band's performance were D.J. Salinas, Stuart Smart, Keigo Hirakawa, Rishi Malhotra, Kenneth Pruitt, and Loren Nash.

The Spring Concert represented the culmination of this year's music program, the result of the overwhelming dedication of Dr. Cassel and Mr. Steve Rundberg of M.B.A. and Ms. Lynne Rothrock of Harpeth Hall.

Recycle M.B.A.

by Micah Horgan-Markman, Reporter

The start of exams marks the end of a very successful year for Recycle M.B.A. The year has been one of transition and expansion for the club. First and foremost, we have witnessed the successful transition of leadership as Flagg Youngblood and the senior class have handed the reigns to Micah Horgan-Markman and a new batch of energetic sophomores. Furthermore, due to the hard work of Flagg and a generous donation from the Father's Club, there are now recycle bins in every room on campus. Finally, Re-

Please see **RECYCLE**, page 10

NEWS

News: A Source of History



Thomas
Springer

News
Editor

If you've never read a news article in *The Bell Ringer*, read this one. On the pages of this publication have been recorded a chronicle of life at M.B.A., this year, one chapter in M.B.A.'s history, a record of history as it was being made. From my first article on the new faculty to Jim Bowen's final article on the Bell Building, the News pages have attempted to reflect thoroughly the growth and development of the campus, its students, faculty, and staff.

Looking back, I wish I could have included more, and I hope that next year's News Editor, Jim Bowen, will share my vision. We should not omit an article because it is obvious or because no one will read it; it must be published in order to immortalize the totality of the M.B.A. experience.

If you have never done so, I strongly encourage you to find an old copy of *The Bell Ringer*. Thumb through it. You will get a unique feeling: a rush of pride and respect for the M.B.A. tradition.

Fifty years from now, someone will look through one of this year's papers. He will not remember a time before the Davis Building, but the News articles will have recorded its construction.

He will not know the names

or faces of this year's Cum Laude inductees, but the picture of them in the paper will whisper out to him. Thus does M.B.A. press onward, marking its steps along the way.

This year's Senior Class is proud to present \$1,323.98 to Montgomery Bell Academy toward the purchase of a podium to be placed in the theater of the Davis Building. The class believes

that a new podium would be the perfect gift given the splendor of the new Davis Building and the dilapidated old podium. The new podium will be made of oak, have a base at the bottom that is connected to a shaft that rises up to the desktop, and will be of a modern yet traditional design. The decision for a podium was made by the vote of the class back in January.

Fundraising for the podium began with the sale of Krispie Kreeme donuts during exams and then progressed to pizza sales at the Region Wrestling tournament. The majority of money came from several days' proceeds, donations from the Senior Class parents, and concessions at the Doug Hall Relays. Under the leadership of Bo Sundius, Baker Eadie, Jody Cummings, and John Crosslin the class was able to raise money without hurting the other organizations also trying to raise money in the close-knit M.B.A. community.

None of the projects would have worked however without the support of the class. Several class members especially rose to the occasion and devoted many hours to the class. It has not been easy trying to get Seniors to work in order to honor a place from which they will be separated in a few months, but I believe that the fundraising campaign has been extremely successful. It is with great honor that the Class of 1993 presents this podium to the administration, student body, and tradition of Montgomery Bell Academy.

Senior Class Gift: Podium

by Bo Sundius, Senior Class President

Totomoi Inducts New Members

from Staff Reports



1993 Totomoi Inductees

This year several worthy students were inducted into Totomoi, M.B.A.'s honorary leadership fraternity. To be admitted, seniors and juniors must have enough points in three of the following categories: academics; athletics; student government; organizations, forensics, and dramatics; publications, citizenship, and other extracurriculars. In the fall tapping, member-in-course Jody Cummings inducted seniors John Arendale, John Crosslin, Baker Eadie,

Mark Fuqua, Winn Keathley, Bartley McGehee, and Andrew Vahrenkamp. In the spring, seniors Will Berry, Julian Bibb, and Flagg Youngblood and juniors Jim Bowen and Robert West were "tapped." Also inducted were Mme Jeannine Bowers and Mr. Tom Weaver for their dedication, love and loyalty to the school. Hopefully, the ideals represented by Totomoi may serve as a guide for all students at M.B.A. in the future.

A Year's Worth of Work: Service Club 1992-93

by Flagg Youngblood, Service Club President

It all started last fall, before school began. The long, tiring process of constitutional reform took over a month. But the end result was still worthwhile; now (and hopefully for ever more) membership in the M.B.A. Service Club is contingent upon a student's capacity to render service to the community and M.B.A. Hopefully by next year, the process will have gone even further; by then the Big Red Club will alleviate a portion of Service Club's duties around M.B.A. That way, the Service Club could possibly rejoin KEY Club and devote its attention exclusively to the community.

This past school year, however, was made rich by the many involvements of the Service Club in both the school related arena and the Nashville community. During the first nine weeks alone, the Service Club did more than its forerunner did the entire

year before! Over the full course of the year, the M.B.A. Service Club has had over 45 opportunities to offer substantial help to the community, not to mention over 30 major projects with M.B.A. alone! But the number of projects is outnumbered by the diversity which each of these projects encompassed. From working at the Cumberland Science Museum with dolls to working at Cool Springs officiating a 10K jog for the Arthritis Foundation, the M.B.A. Service Club has certainly had a little taste of everything.

In perspective, this year has been truly phenomenal for the M.B.A. Service Club. Membership was at an all time high, and participation in Club activities has never been better! With rare exception, everyone in the school community has been willing to contribute to the Club's success.

Thanks to everyone who

made the Club a success this year; without members and dedicated officers, the M.B.A. Service Club could not have accomplished all it did. We have donated over 400 cans of food to Second Harvest, we have sent flowers to ill faculty, and Community Resource Center (a part of the United Way) needed ten or twenty volunteers to assist Project CASA, Refugee Resettlement, Second Harvest, the Heart Association, Grassmere, and more.

In fact, this year the M.B.A. Service Club sponsored two "Super Projects": one with Grassmere for the two weeks preceding Halloween and The Second Annual Community Service Day for M.B.A. students in grades seven through twelve. Both of these projects required an enormous number of people, and overall the response to both was outstanding.

If one thing could be remembered about the M.B.A. Service Club

during the 1992-93 school year, it is that the Club actually lived up to its name for the first time. Within all reasonable expectations, the Service Club met every one of its obligations; letters of thanks from those in the community did not stop pouring in to the school and the homes of the Club's officers. Well, gentlemen, you have earned it for yourselves!

From the Annals of
W-5:

It is a failing of
youth to be
unable to control
one's impulses
- Seneca

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, **Andy Anderson**, being of sound mind and weak body, bestow the following items: to Brooks Martin, a key to at least one of the buildings; a helpful set of construction volunteers; a Star Wars prom, a thoughtful greeting card, and the Entertainment section of *The Bell Ringer*; to Edward Jack, the ability to have long hair without being a "long hair" and getting away with it; to Ed Martin, a Schiel, a Gottlieb, and the true ability to pummel anyone who wants to have "sharing time"; to Matt Reasor, a life, a haircut that doesn't resemble Vidal Sassoon, the ability to be faithful on birthdays, lung cancer, and a blast of reality that says, "You're a Schiel"; to Ben Pippenger, the ability to act more than two years old in study hall and a chain for your neck to match your wallet; to Clay Blevins, a consistent hair color for once, suspenders, and money for Homecoming; to Bill McSchiel and Aaron Lara, you two are both Schiels, so I guess you need a life; to Sarah Phillips, Myrtle Beach memories, my Bullet Boys tape, Buckwheat Jeans, deep talks at McDonald's, embarrassing macks, Poo-Pa-Pa, and one more grueling year with the Honeybees; to Julie Asbury, a car that isn't nicer than mine, homecoming excuses, a neglected stage kiss, the ability to stay awake on Prom, and of course, cold brew; to Greg Holyfield, cheese, a whip, 96 rolls of toilet paper, the patch, a muzzle for Gabby, the superior ability to distribute, a dance belt, and a morning stodge; to Adam Solesby, Dean, a modem, worn-out jokes, a graphing calculator, a digestible Neri Peach, pronunciation, Taco Bell, and an autographed picture of John Arendale; to Michael Ligon, a whip, one night with the guys, desperate pleas for advice, lunch talks, Fantasia chaw, a lot of babbling, and good luck with the wedding; to Todd Counter, my crumbled drum set, stodge fun, a can of soap, a video copy of Ed's tractor, and a conscience; to Gaius, a brush, shampoo, deodorant, a

hair cut, a razor, a tolerance, pick-up lines that work, a White Lion tape, Julie, a calm temper, and a chaw; to Kyle, Rumble Manias, the Esabars, Grigg's lost money, Wuss pummels, change-a-plenty, and membership to the "Useless Ring Club"; to Wesley Schiel, the name is a gift in itself; to Booger, morals, "Et" stories, the Ben rap, and Mary Scott; to Alex Dean, Maggie Uden; to Matt Barrett, Maggie



Uden; to Chris Trabue, Maggie Uden; to Dr. Puschall, tolerance on the hair code; and to myself, heavy medication for enduring six long years.

I, **Kirk Brown**, being of sound mind and body, leave: to John Greek, a subscription to *Glamour* magazine; to Winston Chapman, a thumping thumb and a real sports car; to Aaron Peterson, a truck; to Gaius, restraint in a troubled time; to Kerry Brown, the Lumina; to Will Berry, *Hooked-on-Phonics* and a big "unguaahh!!!"; to Julian Bibb, a six-pack (of Coke) and a key (to get out from his leash and chains); to Hamling, an A.P. credit in art; to Greg Holyfield, real taste in music; to Chip Crossman, speed, quickness, and dextrous motor skills; and to Andrew Publow, dates with all the hot women in the city/state/country/world.

I, **Frazer Buntin**, do hereby bequeath the following: to Buck Blair, a good hiking trip and my expertise in pole vault management; to Latardo, endless P.O.W.'s, a broken fishing rod and a midnight four-wheeling experience; to Burton, \$18 worth of Jim Dandy food, a Pearl Jam album, a hat nub, and a stupid brother; to Winston Chapman, the realization that he is not God, but Regen is; to Greg Holyfield, a chainsaw to cut your hair, and

endless side burn jokes; to Clinton Russell, Dr. Batton's English class short stories and endless comments on Kim; to House, the ability to throw and catch a frisbee, and a future Hiesman trophy vote; to John Arendale, your ability to shout a dove in the frying pan and grilled frog legs; to Jim Dismukes, form girl, roosters, boats that don't work but look good, a trip to Murray, Kentucky, Freebird, Elizabeth

Applegate Spain, a decoy-retrieving dog, the enjoyment of living with Stewart next year, a Mexican moron, the ability to back a car without dismounting a man, a mirage Florida trip, the song "Sporting Woodies in Memphis," a trip to the

Gold, an empty Servi-Bar and a \$200 dollar tab, a countless unsuccessful fishing trips, and a sober ride; to Austin Koon, endless yards, post-hunting delirium, a slaying at Old Hickory, another gun barrel, the ability to dance, Krystal trips, 39 Gershwin, a fast go-cart with a golf course, a can of snuff, and a broken Weed Eater; to John Sisco, a rainforest yard, the title Nubentor, the night of E-Train, 39 Gershwin, a broken door, a street sign for the ninety-eight, a canoe trip in the sewer, endless nights at the pool house, and a pack of Reds; to Matt King, an insane ride in "Trusty," the "A" Night in George's basement, a long-straight dip, Kendrick Wood, Scott's B.S., and endless pool house nights; to my family, thanks and appreciation for everything you do.

I, **Winston Chapman**, being of sound body and superior mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to John Arendale, lots of poison and explosive; to Will, a guasshhhhhh to last a lifetime; to Giachery, the knowledge that I won't be the last one to tell him the truth; to Mixon, as many girlfriends as he wants at one time; to Mr.

Herring, some new shirts, ties, and hair; to Flagg, some anti-anal medication; to Pippenger, a life and some money (I've got plenty of both); to Fitz, his own rock to climb, Bill Clinton, and driving lessons; to Crosslin, some vino and bierra; to House, a brain; to Rob, some masculinity; to La Strauss, many sheep and a new car; to Trent, Bo; to Buck, the titles of Defender of the Faith and God-Emperor; to Barton, a shiny new attitude; to Hugh, Serod; to Hatchmeister and Zeger, oooh, those silky legs; to the longhairs, thanks for so many laughs; to Taylor, a grade below 90; to Monte, the titles of Pontifex Maximus and Dominus et Deus (that's Latin, Poe); to Chip, some speed; to Kirk, a house in the city, a thumping diploma, and much thanks; to Bibb, just great memories; to all, the knowledge that I shall return one day to order all things for the best.

I, **Todd Counter**, do hereby bequeath the following: to Kyle Hatcher, a plum, a Summer Co. jig, some lettuce, a Mulberry bush, and plenty o' N.A.D.; to Michael Ligon, a 20 oz. Fresca & some sun chips, some new "Samsuis," a Stratocaster, and an optimistic new view of pessimism; to Gaius, some clothes, a chaw, a disease that makes your leg permanently vibrate and "My Georgia boys are gonna kick your Sewanee boys' butts"; to



Hugh Gaston, some evolutionary medicine, "Cro-Mag," a push from behind and a little game sense; to Keith Claverie, the ability not to get hurt for one season, crease-defense, and the alternative music legacy; to Anton Hie, Megadeath's *Symphony of Destruction*; to Tommy Brown, Meghan Murphy, an air-gait, and a shot on the ground; to S. Lehman, promotion to head-maintenance

on the field and Lenny K. "Are You Gonna Go My Way"; to Mark Garton, "Hey Mark...See ya Mark"; to Clinton R., "Oooh Yeah, Give it to me"; to Aaron P., a facedodge; to M.B.A., a few signs and a really big building just to eat in.

I, **John Crosslin**, leave the following: 30S to Crotch Pruitt for a broken window, as well as my first place sinus fair project, plus many more years of jackass talk and excellent coaching; I also leave Pruitt the coaches award in track;

I leave Lujan my keys; I leave Myr Wilson another national title in the hurdles along with a state title; I leave Farringer plenty of hills to run; I leave Fly the mile; I leave T.C. Harris III captain of the cross country team as well as whatever he wants to run; I leave David Berry all my belt buckles; to Alley the two-mile and to Farringer the two-mile - not soccer; to Sloan, my messy locker; to Harrison 2:00; to P. gang green, steroids; to Mark Wack the Jack Butt Pack Dilly Flap Jack Wack, a real injury;

I leave the cross country team all the varsity lockers needs without begging; to Braden, a 10.5; to Robert "Will" West, a state championship; to the cross country team, another region victory, and to peak in the state finals, whatever place you get; the tradition of choking in the state I take with me; Also, I leave M.B.A.; I leave Russell the ram "Dave"; I keep my Notre Dame hat; and I leave Parkes "Quarterback," a jackass.

I, **Chip Crossman**, do hereby bequeath the following: to Tim Wesley, a herd of elephants, to Mark Wyckoff, my incredible driving skills; to John Farringer, one Got Out of Jail Free card; to J.T. Steele, my blazing speed; to Bruce Turkington, my infamous Q-

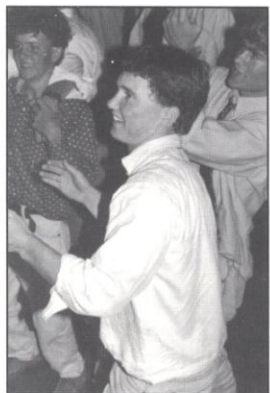
LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

Zar skill; to Keith Claverie, my supreme Physics knowledge; to Mark Garton, the ability to run, pass, and catch; to Barrett Rose, two claps; to Rob Welhoelter, those darn Bouncin' Bebés; to Lee Kennedy, the Emancipation Proclamation; to Jonathan, all of the homework assignments.

I, Ben Curtis, being of sound

mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to Benji Griffith, my unattainable, god-like speed and athleticism; to Clay Hart, a severe nose job and "Chris Hooper"; to Andy Barrett, my ever-present

ability to slack; to Brandon Shea, my unparalleled artistic skills; to Corbett Gibson, some brain cells; to Bill Maggart, some paint balls and lots of cheap women; to Richard Douglas, a 285 yard drive into the right rough; to Cooper and Tucker, a whole lot of humility; to Gaius, a never-ending supply of mother jokes; to Fetus, another school day to skip and some morals; to T-T, a large muzzle; to Boise, anything female and unconscious; to John Crosslin, better luck on the road, and "Hey John"; to Ratboy, a real dog and fond memories of the steel curtain; to M.B.A., some more signs and a bad image problem; to Sean Murphy, four full tires; to Julian Bibb, the ability to goggle and another running raw episode; to Alex Dean, a saddle; to Ligon, a game of english horse; to Hatcher, fond memories of Ashley Nimmo; to Russ, another motorcycle and 30 yards of Highway 98; to Jim Uden, another saddle like Alex's; to Maggart, an even bigger muzzle than Cal's and another trip to Volunteer Jam with Beth Johnsen; and to Bo Mixon, another knife.



I, Jeremy Derryberry, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following items: to Hayes Fowler, a gigantic cow pasture, a ride to Cotton Town, and a box of ziplock baggies; to Nick Claibough, a can with a smile, something to do on Friday nights, my infinite wisdom at playing B.S. Pool, and a ride to the park; to Lewis Jones, my book on how to drive into ditches, a stack of white paper, a word to rhyme with the end of the line and a lifetime

supply of crayons; to Clinton Russell, a can of black Ron-Co. Spray on hair and a dirty hack under a tree; to John Greek, a log to

get him through the first week of college; to Aaron Peterson, the Chubby Bunnie's guide to Lacrosse and a subscription to Wheels and Deals; and to Ben Pippenger, my skills at goalie so we can win some games next year.

I, Baker Eadie, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave: to Ed Martin, expertise in driving the love machine; to Sisco, a place to sleep (such as a Maxima); to Fletcher, a willing date; to James Gunn, my expert oratorical abilities; to Mr. Herring, a pair of silk panties and a BIG MASTER and a copy of the film "Throbbin Hood"; to Buck Blair, my expert offensive wingback prowess; to Bradley Sloan, a bad hair day; to Mr. Pruitt, Sanjay's old labs; to Charlie Thombs, an unannoying attribute; to Chenault Sanders, the job of buying for our little brothers; to Lujan, the quickness of a cat and the strength of ten men; to Freddie O'Connell, a little muscle, a little loving, and a lotta life; to Morgan Cordell, the ability to catch a basketball and keep Green Hornet basketball alive; to Parkes

Owen, the Heisman trophy; and to Smokey, some power tools.

I, Cal Elcan, being of ingenious mind and very handsome and well-fit body do leave the following to the following people, some worthless, some not: to Will, a respirator with which to breathe, a self-portrait, and a tomato farm; to Sean Strauss, a telephone pole and a sheep farm; to Doug Pierce, a real dog, a pet rat, some cheese, and a blanket made of silk to satisfy his erotic pleasures; to Brendan Hughes, some eggs and I-40 to occupy his time; to Wesley Schiel and Winston Chapman, a life; to Dr. Springer, another boy in study hall who constantly aggravates you; to Kyle Hatcher, some real music to listen to; to Mrs. Hollins, my rubber-band gun; to Jason Barton, a copy of the complete book on the process of OSMOSIS; to Ben Curtis, some dirty feet he can lick clean; to Bo Mixon, one woman at a time and a peace pipe for he and Trent to smoke; to Trent Batey, rightfully following after Bo and Ben, Mary Scott Wall who will always think of Bo when she is with him, and some ducks out of season; to Andrew Publow, a mean story and a picture of him flexing; to Thriller, the same as Publow; to Frazer Buntin, a bird dog named Biscuit; to Jim Dismukes, lessons in duck-calling; to Andrew Walker, my art talents; to Andy Russ, an ego and a right foot; to Gaius Trabue, a bag of chips and salsa; to Tom Hamling, Weight Watchers;

bequeath the following: to Mr. Pruitt, \$25 for a window; to Sifford, the ability to drive; to Andrew Douglas, a pair of kneepads; to McKeand, some french fries for wrestling season; to Shannon Durrett, the Foreign Country Title Belt, to Renault a state medal; to F.C.A., another good year; to all of the liberals, a scholarship to U.S.N.; and to anyone who ventures to obtain it, the Destin land speed record; and Glenn Gaston do hereby leave M.B.A. while it still has some tradition.

I, Mike Gavigan, being of defunct mind and manly body do hereby bequeath the following: my chin to the Smithsonian; I leave Sisco the goggles I wore throughout high school and a paid trip anywhere with the Fab Five; I leave any willing sophomore a certain little persistent girl; I leave Fletcher a gig to catch a tree frog and a girl who will be more than friends:

I leave Andy Cortis the number 50 for his uncanny resemblance to Chris Zorich;



and finally, I leave M.B.A. with my great memories and my stories and good times to be handed down through generations.

I, Glenn Gaston, do hereby

leave Matt King the remaining four of the five; I leave Bradley Sloan a skirt; I leave Andrew Stahl some seasoning; I leave the wanna-be-longhairs lives; and I leave M.B.A.

I, John Greek, being of somewhat sound mind and intensely lusted-after body, do bequeath the following: to Clinton Russell, a subscription to "Customized Grandmother Cars" and permission to spend

the night on July 4, an Auburn hat without K I M STELZER on the bill; to Cal Elcan, a sailboat so that he will always have something to throw up under and some respect for his girlfriend; to Kirk

Brown, enough useless electrical gadgets to fill up your dash, center console, and passenger seat; to Aaron Peterson, a truck or maybe a Bronco, or maybe a Blazer, or maybe a Prope - whatever, Aaron; to Ben Curtis, a lifetime of lancements; to Ford Simpkins, the ability to spit; to Mike Anderson, ownership of the Gold Club; to Mr. DeMong, hair and a decent attitude; to Mrs. Lowry, the gift of memory;

to Rosie Paschall, many thanks and a lifetime supply of banana and strawberry slushies; to M.B.A., some themes, some angry teachers, and about 15,000 Bear cans in the creek; to Stacie, my love and my life; Thank you, M.B.A., I'm leavin' here a better man.

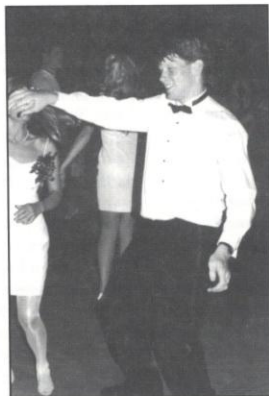
I, Brendan Kyle Hatcher, being of totally impressive stature, hereby bequeath the following attributes to these persons, pitiful or not, for their benefit: to Matt Barrett, a life's supply, or no life's supply, of pummels and pessimistic comments; Brendan Hughes and Andy Ward, my blue ribbon, chip-eating ability and a tape of Pancha's greatest tuba hits; to Will Berry, a respirator and a gardener's manual on cultivating red, ripe tomatoes; to Michael Burke, my 7th grade word wealth book; to Ford Simpkins, a clue for once; to

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

Doug Pierce, some sinuses and an anti-grab neck brace; to Wes Schiel, a men's room sign and a toilet mint for his Jeep; to Sam Smaldone, a mammoth smoke bomb, the U.S. Mint,

to the 1994 M.B.A. Lacrosse team, the wookiee in the crease and the "Showtime" mystique; to John Baer, two full hours of sprints for no reason whatsoever; to Michael Ligon, some club soda and a rag for my bathroom; to Adam Solesby, my Hershey's coupons and the distinction of being the 1st man to cause the downfall of Wes Schiel; to Gaius, a rug soaked with chaw stains, a new shirt, a comb, the ability to go through ditches at will, and a baton to hand to Fuqua during midnight, naked relays; to Todd Counter, the ability to get at lost in any town in America, LBW, some hormones with which to mack, and a N.A.D. "there!"; to Fetu, a break from mack and a raise on cigarette tax; to Greg Holyfield, an assortment of cheeses and a tape of *Star Wars*

so he can learn the lines; to Cal Elcan, a petite, a sense of greed and egotism, and part ownership in West Meade Market; to Ben Curtis, a side mirror to hit off with



his Blazer and some quality petroleum jelly; to Andrew Fitzgerald, a case of valium and auto insurance; to Alex Dean, sentiments for his relationship with Sheba and for attending a school with the name Wesley in it; to Jeremy Hagan, more wonderful stories about his dad; to Jason Barton, a rectal finger on which all men can sit and spin; to Shannon Durrett, the sneaker place; to my teachers, nothing; to the rest of the school, regrets that you either could not be me, be like me, or be near me, Thank You.

I, Michael Brendan Hughes, being of irresistibly hard body, unquestionable mind, and a clean upper lip do give: to Cal Elcan, a muzzle and a lilypad; to Doug Pierce, a block of cheese and the hook shot that made me an Iroquois Meadows All-Star; to Ben Curtis, a fresh can of petroleum jelly; to Winston Chapman, a life; to John Crosslin, a certain female trackster naked on the infield at the AAA state track meet; to Andrew Publow, some lines that don't sound like something Holyfield would say; to Jason Barton, a morgue so he can enhance his sexual prowess; to Psycho, guuyahh; to Will, GUUYAHH; to Phil Hill, sex (in case he ever wants it); to Matt Barrett, Wes Schiel, so he'll always have someone to pummel; to Bo Mixon,

"Where's Trent?" and someone else's girlfriend; to Trent Batey, "Where's Jarratt?" and some whipped potatoes, whipped cream, and a bullwhip; to Baker Eadie, some work

ethic; to Julian Bibb, a good hard spanking for all the bad things he did at M.B.A.; to Mike Gavigan, a body and Mary's body (if he can ever figure out what to do with it); to Mike Anderson, a copy of *101 Ways to Pick Up Trashy Women* (in case he doesn't have it); to Brad Maggart, a lifetime supply of Father Ryan football tickets; to Shannon Durrett, the wit and charm necessary to achieve high English grades; to Andy Ward and Kyle Hatcher, El Palenque; to Tom Hamling, my new job as Cleveland Indians' announcer, a reunion

with a random female, and a palm leaf; and last but not least, to M.B.A., "a wise man once said 'Please don't go!'"

I, Patrick Jackson, being of sound mind and voluminous body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Praveen Kambam, my record of seven hamburgers, three bags of hot chips, and two nutty-buddies with nothing to drink; to Psycho, a big "Eheu!";

despite the many people who would like my million function calculator, I will not give it to anyone; to M.B.A., I leave...

I, Harrison Johnson, being of unsound mind and abused body do hereby leave the following: to next year's senior football players, a win over Ryan; to Andy Barrett, a girlfriend that will treat him right; to Keith Claverie, the set of shoulder pads that the great one used; to Brandon Shea, a sharp mathematical mind; to Lewis Jones, a wig; to Barrett Rose, a deeper voice and the ability to get angry; to Andy Cortis, two more years in the trenches; to Hugh Gaston, a series of knee injuries; to Grant Hammond, a clue!; and to John Farringer, happiness and German all in one!

I, Winn Keathley, being of tired mind and lazy body, do hereby bequeath all my worldly possessions to the following: to Mr. Caldwell, a better BC class; to J.T. Steele, a grenade, a hymnbook for Seeker; to Jason "Witch Baby" Bennett, my chess club, an industrial complex; to David Gregory, the name "peg boy" and my shoe; to Barret Rose, a knife; to John Glickstein, the top 20 sexiest videos of all time; to Richard Douglas, a book of Latin pornography; to Dan Ferguson, a cat and a long trip outside.

I, Austin Koon, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to John Sisco and Ed

Martin, a late night chip run to the Crook's house, a Croque-messieur, my ability to master the rapids behind John's house, and a safe ride; to Buck Blair, I leave my love for track



and many strenuous pole vault practices; to Mark Hardison, the difficult choice between Lynard Skynard or the region track meet; to Kevin Stoll, the ongoing tradition of excellence and pride in Green Hornet basketball; to Myr Wilson, seven hurdles to complete his set so that he and his personal trainer can practice year round; to Robert West, I leave a track companion so that he doesn't have to talk to himself; and to Coach Pruitt, my very relevant and intelligent questions.

I, Geoffrey Leek, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath: to Brooks, my vast knowledge of the theatre (if I am allowed to) but not a key (too bad); to Robbie, absolutely nothing; to Jonathan, a worthless Bell business staff (Good luck!); to Katherine, my collection of music and the flower that Flagg never gave you at Sr. presentation; to Mary, the ability to make a decision and a little bit of common sense;

to Sarah and Julie, the ability to keep your mouths shut; to Paul, some originality (Lion's Head!?!); to Bartley, the guts to overcome the fear of getting caught doing anything; to Russ, a sombrero; to Hayes, a liver!; to Bo and Connie, better places to christened; to Pam, the Flying Fish; to Rudy and Glenn, gratitude for teaching me all I know about the theatre.

I, Michael Phillip Ligon, be-

ing of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following (in alphabetical order): to Andy Anderton, the ghost of babbling Mikey, many hours of discussion in the No B.S. Club, memories of Junior year lunch posse, my ability to deal with women like Sarah & Jenn, and a thanks for being there; to Matt Barrett, my deep apologies for all of the vicious pummels since kindergarten, and the memories of Junior year lunch

posse; to Jason Barton, my astute Chemistry knowledge and a co-captain slot with the Regulators; to Todd Counter, some new speakers, a car that will do 117, an eternal ringing in your ears, and four years worth of Mike Kemp tapes; to Cal Elcan, a new saddle and some reigns, and every note Sarah's ever written to me for your reading enjoyment; to Jeremy Hagan, a big old smile, a "hi" and a wave, and a shirt for your girlfriend; to Kyle Hatcher, a new bathroom rug, a lamp in the den, a new screen door (Matt and I will chip in), and my ability to come up with random stories; to Brendan Hughes, a leather jacket, some chains, and hair growth tonic; to Steve Mosely, the video "Santa Claus: The Movie," a cheese sandwich, the presidency of T.C.Y.F., and lots of laughs; to Brandon Plunkett, a pair of kidneys, a *To No Avail* tape, and your grandmother; to Sarah Plunkett, some random artwork, including a life-size poster of Abe Lincoln, and lots of love; to Wes Schiel, my stellar Chemistry knowledge; to Adam Solesby, my sincere thanks and a case of Dr. Pepper; to Mark Solesby, a book of guitar rotation on every song I know, and one of my \$150 polyester ties to wear to your fine school; to Sean Strauss, a film career and thanks for the Grundy promo; to John Tomison, five more fun years on the Hill; to Gaius, a year's worth of advice on women, an eight track, and a new lower lip; to Andy Ward, a roommate who has long hair and walks around saying, "GUAAGH, your hair is gray!"; to Bobby Zaph, a tape

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

deck for the Piece and a house in Mt. Juliet that is actually near your girlfriend (for a change); to anyone I've left out, an apology; and to anyone who has ever given me anything, thanks.

I
Giachery
Lizamga
do hereby
bequeath
the fol-
lowing:
to
Ramona,
I leave
birds; to
Cleo I
leave
good
times,
girlies,
and a B-
ball fu-
ture;



dead!

I, **Hal Pickel**, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave: to Mark Hardison, peripheral vision, an Acme Inflato Chest, and one last

"beep-beep"; to **Billy Hancock**, a neck brace to hold up his inflated ego, a razor, and leg weights to control his incredible speed and strut; to **Barrett Rose**, an

infinite number of jokes about his size and his momma;

I'd like to leave Baker his computer disk and my golf clubs to any rising senior in need of P.E. credit; I'll keep all of my favorite music and more; I hereby request consideration for acceptance into M.B.A.'a MATH HALL OF FAME;

I leave the boys at HHS a sunshiny day & I give you the right to do "what you like"; to all of you I've met along the way I'll remember you when I rise to power!; I'll give Winston a rematch and a Malcolm X hat; Strauss gets a new driving record and Schiel gets a new name; Mule gets my vote as biggest mule and Andy Anderton gets the biggest Clinton supporter award; I'm leaving my Saab and 1st kiss to Sarah Z. and a Spin Doctor tape with a song just from me; I'm leaving exemption from the Econ. exam to 8th period; I leave a Glock 9 to the Valet crew and to myself I leave a Honda Rebel to cruise in the sun; I'm sending a special shout out to my partner in crime Andy B.;

My personal possessions are to be donated to the G-Money School of Thought to be distributed at a later specified date; as for me...I'm off to the University of Massachusetts to knock'em

hereby leave: to Nick Claybough, a can; to Ed Martin, grease; to Steph Cook, a car, lots of sleep, and my sound mind and body; to Whitney Jones, a copy of "Wayne's World";

to John Sisco, some speech lessons; to Judd English, some humility; to Strauss, a car alarm; to Bill Maggart, my roll of pennies; to Barrett Rose, a fourth one; to M.B.A., a spittoon; to John Greek, a list of the things he never did to his truck; to Wesley, a new rep in college; to Stokes, some earplugs; to Mixon, a personality; to Phil, the rent I owe; to Cal, my king; and to Betty Lou all my love and respect.

I, **Wes Schiel**, being of sound mind and body, leave nothing to anybody because I am too lazy to think anything up.

I, **Ford Simpkins**, NOT being of sound of mind and especially body leave nothing to anyone because I have nothing anyone wants.

I, **the mule**, Joseph B. Sittion, being of sound mind and tired body do hereby bequeath the following items: to anyone throwing the shot, the spirit and memory of Josh Kleine; to Brandon Shea, I leave J.J. Flowers, a great man; to Sean Murphy, I leave Popeye; to Bill Hancock, I leave the responsibility of keeping the U.T. spirit alive; to Dave Sifford, I leave many fun years in the trenches; to Buck Blair, I leave M.B.A. track and all of the fun that goes along with it; to Andy Cortis, a.k.a. Bruce Smith, I leave the noseguard position; to Sisco and Ed, I leave the Beast;

to all my teachers and coaches, I leave my many thanks; to all my friends, I leave the memory of six great years on the Hill; and finally, I leave.

I, **Clinton Russell**, being of sound mind and body, do

I, **Samuel David Smaldone**, being of sound mind, liver, pyloric sphincter, and body do hereby bequeath the following to: Ben Curtis: my right hand;

1994 MBA tennis team: Many newspaper articles; Wesley Schiel: A year's subscription to *Boy's Life* and an interview with Paul Mitchell; Kyle Hatcher: His *Cult* tape, some potential, some Green Jello, and a big poster of Wesley Schiel; Matt Barrett: A new life, a new nose, a year's subscription to *Playgirl*, and the infamous XYZ Affair; Winston Chapman: a bumper sticker saying: I'm a vampire-Honk if you think I suck; Mr Caldwell: A motivated and dedicated BC class; Jack Pieratt: A wild boar's pancreas and a whale's tooth; Dan and Bill McGugin: A big thong; Buck Blair: Who are you?; Bibb: A sin, a shark-tooth necklace, a sabre-toothed tiger, and a cup of noodle-roni; Jason Barton: a tool, a 60 watt light bulb, 37 ounces of brass, a joule, a Maclauren Series, a stuffed teddy bear, some M&M's, a dog's toenail, a warthog, some chicken soup and Norma's roasted camel livers; My Brother: Future success at M.B.A., my room, my car; Berry: A little humility, some bat wings, needle-nose pliers, some good-smelling breath, books called *How To Speak the English Language Clearly* and *How To Breathe Properly and Quietly*, a free trip to see the Bozo Show; Chris Trabue: a little academic motivation, a 5 on the Latin exam, some new clothes, 28 bananas, 3

have no idea who you are - but I leave you my microwave and an earthworm.

I, **Adam Solesby**, leave the following to the following hoping they understand:

Andy, a good friend: patience, quiescence, good study habits, Dean, and a bowel movement; **Arendale**: honor and humility; **Matt**: compassion, charity, compliments, optimism; **Kirk**: my love for the blues and hopes that he continues to play forever; **Winston**: everything money cannot buy; **Todd**: a conscience; **Elean**: 300 gallons of urine, a real fake; **Fitzgerald**: a sedative; **Gaston**: the golden shrine erected in your honor; **Jeremy**: Charlie's Home Catheter®, lots of sax; **Kyle**: my CD player and any other technology since '76, the Sloth legacy; **Greg**: my Yoakam collection, scissors, dirty feet, expanded musical taste, and luck in his future singing career; **Pat Jackson**: glass of water; **Harrison**: luck in the future and lots of women; **Koondawg**: (nothing I just wanted to mention the name); **Michael**: thanks for being a true friend and a happy marriage; **Stokes**: a liver (surely his is overworked); **Robinson**: one or two brain cells; **Dismukes**: share with Justin; **Wes**: a new nickname; **Ford**: a sixth; **Psycho**: Catherine; **Catherine**: Bartley; **Bartley**: Mary, real power;

Strauss: actual long hair; **Bo**: new upholstery; **Gaius**: a recording contract, razor, man's shirt, *Easy 93*; **Whitley**: *The Who's Who Guide to the Sexes*; **A.W.**:

brown hair dye, my spiritual guidance for future Wendy's feedings; **F(Da)g**: hint—it's not just how you look on paper; **Mark**: safety, a new band; **Sack**: sadness[(-)], a mack; **Sarah Cate**: my socks; **MWP**:

luck in dealing w/ Jeremy's moods, wild & crazy fun in the future; **Sarah**: my appreciation, my apologies for being mean, a happy marriage; **Page**: fun at UVA; **Paige**: my B.B. King collection; **Mary Vance**: pants; **Emily**: admira-



LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

tion; Dee, Judith, Jasmine: thanks for being friendly; Mrs. Lowry: my appreciation and thanks for all that you have taught me. [I left nothing to underclassmen; the list of their shortcomings is much too long for this issue.]

I, **Tom Springer**, being of sometimes questionable mind and body, do leave: to Tim Wesely, the latest Parliament CD and a haircut; to Jim Miller, (aka Friar Tuck) decent roommates on debate trips; to Brukhart, a car someone would really want to steal; to Haslam, the next Flagg, Good Luck; to Jim Bowen, patience with Rob West; to Rob West, patience with everybody; to Loren Nash, GET OFF; to Brandon Shea, dress shoes; to Will Berry, a fun new way to lay out *The Bell Ringer*; to Andrew Vahrenkamp, a fish fillet knife, a little restraint, and a new letter in your last name; to Bones, daahh, \$2000 to supe up the Muscle, "Paper or Plastic?" and U2 in a bodybag; to Bonham, 1st place at Nationals; to Holyfield, a lifetime supply of white socks; to Alan Sundell, *The Complete MacGyver Handbook*; to Sean Murphy, a coconut; to Hayes, new lungs; to Suresh, a good story; to Psycho Sammy, eternal craziness; to Flagg Youngblood, my personal thanks, a new car, the will to call Katherine, a Fresh Fruity Fragrance, and a completed yearbook.

I, **Sean Strauss**, do hereby bequeath the following: to John Crosslin, my expert driving lessons; to Andy Russ, a date with Anna; to Ryan Foster and Russ Allen, a copy of "White Men Can't Jump"; to LDB, broken drumsticks and coordination; to Andy Moats, make-up from the theatre and a Zildjian Ride; to Monte Poe, a 38 and my copy of "Goodfellas"; to my chemistry class, pressed ham;

to Sam Smaldone and the McGugin twins, broken tennis rackets for frustration; to Little Man, babe outfits, pick-up lines, and ring around the wall; to Brooks Martin, my position in theatre club office; to Brad Coburn, part in any one or all

of my plays and movies; to Tucker Warren, a calculator; to Chenault Sanders, lead pipe and a baseball bat; to J.T. Steele, a hole in the wall; to Rob Whitley, Coke bottle cap and a head bandage; to Jewels, Night Music part five and a sheet of notebook paper; to Chris Kuhn, a light and "White Rabbit" for background; to Brandon Shea, six dozen roses for Margot; to Doug Pierce, navigation in reverse gear and a couch trip with Christine; to Mr. Weaver, eternal friendship; to Solomon Grundy, a gig in Denver; to Michael Ligon, a ring; to Stokes Palmer, thicker glass windows; to John Sisco, tips on other men's girlfriends; to Frazer Buntin, all my Cure stuff and a C-4; to Jim Dismukes, publishing contract for poetry; to the Senior Class, a reembarkment of the Peel.

I, **Jim Uden**, do hereby bequeath the following: to Richard Douglas: another successful year at the Waffle House, my award winning Physics notes,

a date with Alexis, and my ability to dunk a basketball; to Barrett Rose: my lucky washers, the nickname "Grimace," his clothes, a golf cart, a plethora of poppy seed muffins and twinkies, and finally I leave Barrett my reign over the hill people (lead them with care); to Chenault Sanders: a date with Wendy, and a roll of tape for McKeand; to Will McKeand: the ability someday to be half as good as he thinks he is;

to Anna Ruth Brown: my bed, my sister, and R.C. Pro-Am; to Maggie Uden: my parents and the name Poo; to Mary Hunt Martin: my parental supervision and a date that I approve of; to Katherine Wray: an apron and a potholder; and to George Frazier (John Smith): a pack of No-Doze, a jump rope, and a takedown.

I, **Andrew B. Vahrenkamp**,

being of sound mind and ultra-coordinated body, do hereby bequeath my earthly goods unto the following (whether they like it or not): To Will Berry: French grammar and a guide to successful macking; To Springer, Sundell, Leek, and Youngblood "The Fearsome Foursome": an iota of common sense; Also to Flagg: the ability to like girls; Also to Tom: a wet streak; To Bones Vaikunth: U2-"take me hiya!" and both sides of the Boulevard; To Leo Keathley: *Ninja vs. Mafia*, and my boundless free time; To Kavi Paruchuri: MacFootball and the Copy Staff; To Michael Burke:



Butch the Wonderdog; To Patrick Jackson: raw flesh and the Dead; To "Dad-gum" Bennett: a ticket to Midway Island and Harpeth Academy (Fight the power!); To Robbie Brukart: an argument with a point; To Spidey Haslam and Ben Griffin: "Jugs"; To Boob West: the ability to Slide next year; To Suresh Gunasekaran and Thomas Lee: the truth; To J.T. Steele: a grenade; To Dan Ferguson: a free visit to Flagg's and Robbie's fashion designer; To Taylor Clifton Harris: the ability to fail (He'll thank me for it later); To Brooks Martin: a bottle of greez and the joy of knowing that although his life does truly suck, at least he's not a sheep; To Paul Thompson: an immune system; To Bill Siesser: a new sternum; To Will O'Hare: those really swank electrocution gloves; To Stephen Hunt and Chris Kuhn: a cue; To Beau Tidwell: a clue; and To my brother, the Death-Trap-Mobile and the acknowledgment that he will be the only V at M.B.A.. Lastly, I leave my mock trial skills to any interested biology student. Nguaagghhh!

I, **Andy Ward**, do hereby bequeath: to Kyle, the new Aaron Tippen CD; to Gaius, the ability to dunk, deodorant, the ability to grow; to El Palenque, my undying respect and admiration; to Brendan, a lifetime supply of salsa; to the guy at H&M, a bulletproof vest; to the team of '93, August practices; to Matt, the ability to go through a day without saying something sucks; to Brandon, the dedication of a true senior thrower; to Greg, humility and a whip to whip her duck; to Winston, slim-fast, money, and your own paper; to Alex, scissors for his next date; to Joe, a new lip; to the senior class, new

livers; to Andrew, cab fare; to Mike & Sarah, a night apart; to Todd, Hormones; to Julian, a case; to Adam, volume and my calculus skills; to several girls at Harpeth Hall, the ability to mind your own business; to Hagan, my apologies; to Sack, a muzzle; to Frank, my old football equipment; to Rebecca Hoke, the knowledge of what really happened in Cancun; to Keith, a pain tolerance; and to Fitzgerald, auto insurance

I, **Rob Whitley**, being of sound mind and body, give to Ed Martin, my subs, rap collection and ability to love bass, and a hair cut; to Buck Blair, my rake and ability to work the long jump pit; to J.T. Steele, a pocket knife; to Richard Douglas, his first date and possibly has first kiss with the woman of his dreams; to Taylor Harris, my intelligence and all of my academic awards; to Bradley Sloan, the mountains of love; to Derrick Buckspan and Brandon Shea, one hell of a senior year; to Parkes Owen, my obnoxious behavior and my skates; and to John Sisco, Ashley Brown again.

I, **William Wells Berry III**, being of brilliant mind and sound body do hereby bequeath the following: to Julian Bibb, a wedding ring and my Tecmo skills; to Kirk Brown, a clean car, and organizational skills, and

audreybell; to Winston Chapman, poverty, a date with Linda and Mary, and his own newspaper column at W&L:

to Smaldone, some maturity, some sanity, some clorox, and a pro tennis career; to Zoger, a northern accent and an "Ooh, de legs"; to Hatchmeister, someone to pummel at UGA and Wes Schiel; to Elcan, someone to annoy; to Barton, someone to shake off and some restraint; to Jody Cummings, a dose of humility; to V, a fishing rod, *Les Histoires de M. de V.*, and a 2.0 GPA; to Batey, a howl and a dance; to Sifford, a bull in the ring and a ride to Destin; to Anderson Williams, a new tape and a new bumper; to John Sexton, 20,000 3/4 inch all-purpose nails and a trip to the front desk; to Whit Polley, complete control over your sister (if you don't already have it), 3 trips to Cocoa Beach, and the wisdom to stay away from B.A. girls; to Parkes Owen, the ability to keep your mouth shut; to Poe, rightfield, a few baseballs from warmups, and some more cockiness; to Frank, some muscle and someone to fix his hat; to Pat, a cheeseburger; to Chip, some speed and a normal girlfriend; to Holyfield, a new shirt, some heavy metal, and some Velveta; to Fetus, a deadline and Matt Reasor; to Taylor Harris, a failing grade; to Bonham, my mock trial voice; to Michael Martin, a year of coaching with Byron; to John Ozier, my 3-pt shooting skill; to Flagg, all of the organizations at Yale; to Robbie Brukart, a life and Flagg; to Haslam, my sympathy; to Russ Allen, my trademark headfake; to Tom Hamling, any money I owe from bowl bets; to Robert West, *The Bell Ringer*, all the power and responsibility that goes with it, and best of luck; to Mrs. Lowry, thanks; to Matthew, my legacy at M.B.A., my speed (or lack thereof), and four more fun years on the Hill; to my parents, thanks for everything; to M.B.A., another class like ours, and a fantastic future; to anyone I have forgotten, my apology; everything else I keep; so long and farewell.

Patrick Wilson Library
Montgomery Bell Academy
Nashville, Tennessee

OPINIONS

A Final Opinion from the Opinions Editor

picture by John Crosslin



Andrew Vahrenkamp
Opinions Editor

Somehow, the end of the year has arrived and the school is still standing, in spite of all our attempts to the contrary. The year in opinions has been no less than a roller-coaster ride through hell, if you'll forgive the expression. I take full responsibility (and credit) for the immense response that the student body put forth concerning this section. Of course, I refer to the "enlightened" theses of Chris Kuhn, Andrew Fitzgerald, and others, especially Winston "I am a God" Chapman who has been allowed to return to the Ringer for one hurrah.

Admittedly, the revelry known as first semester got a little out of hand...okay a lot out of hand, and I regret that the student body reacted as violently as it did. I hope that the January firing of the entire Opinions staff helped to ease school-wide tensions, although, let's face it, the second semester opinions just didn't have quite

the same flair about them.

Actually, the topics discussed this year in this divinely-inspired section were quite mature and serious, even if the manner in which they were discussed was not. For example, the issue of women's role in society is an important one which we at an all-male school may discount. Similarly, the election dilemma last fall was important. While I admit that the "longhair" issue got stretched way too far, it still is a topic which needs to be discussed and analyzed.

Remember: there is often no one right answer to a question. Each person has his/her own opinion which may be different from everyone else's; that opinion is still perfectly valid and should not be discounted as false or incorrect. The purpose of this section has been and, hopefully, will be to publish the views, thoughts, and opinions of any member of the M.B.A. community. I feel that this year, more than any other, that purpose has been fulfilled.

By no means has anything been solved, mind you. I would like to use this, my final appearance in the pages of *The Bell Ringer*, to

raise a few questions. First what is the school's policy toward illegal/controlled substances? The handbook bans these substances from campus and authorizes harsh punishment in the event of possession/consumption. Yeah, right. So far this year, there have been numerous examples of blatant violations of this rule, concerning not only alcohol but tobacco.

For example, the administration has turned a blind eye toward the use of chewing tobacco in the parking lots, and the punishment imposed on students caught using illicit substances has been very inconsistent. Early in the year, two seniors were caught with alcohol by the police at a football game. They received a one-day out-of-school suspension. Recently, four other seniors were caught with alcohol on campus and received a two-week out-of-school suspension and forty hours of mandatory community service. This inconsistency in punishment troubles me, especially since the latter is supposed to be a deterrent to younger students.

What I want to know is what is deterrent about a

free two-week vacation? I understand that there was a hefty community service load, but then why did the administration emphasize the suspension instead of the service? The suspension of the four seniors only hurts the innocent students who have to take

up the slack and work harder to make up for their absence. The guilty students get to enjoy themselves at home without having any responsibility at all. Rhetoric must be backed up with deterrence, and the administration cannot expect students to obey the rules if all they see are lenient out-of-school suspensions.

Second, I have gotten completely fed up with the whole debate over love-it-or-leave-it-ism; it's making me nauseous. Let me make a small observation. Those people who contribute to the general good of the school, who participate in activities, who add to the community in any way, deserve to be here. Anyone who tries to keep them out does not. So, next time someone tells you to love-it-or-

leave-it, look at his high school record. It's probably blank.

That's the real tragedy here. There is so much available at this school, especially with the expanded fine arts program. It's a shame that some students can spend six years here and have absolutely nothing to show for it; whereas, others spend six years and come out with the full experience and the maturity to succeed after M.B.A.. I, regrettably, do not belong in this second category, and I have always wished that I had taken better advantage of the opportunities presented to me. No, the second category is reserved for gentlemen like Flagg K. Youngblood, a young

man who truly epitomizes the M.B.A. spirit of honor, loyalty, and dedication. If more of us at this school could be like Flagg, there would be no reason not to love it. Flagg, we at *The Bell Ringer* salute you.

As for the rest of you dedicated readers who are still following this inane drivel, may you have the best of luck in life and may the force be with you. Always.

Thank you and good day.

Those who contribute to the general good of the school...deserve to be here...

Flagg...epitomizes the M.B.A. spirit of honor, loyalty, and dedication

There is often no one right answer to a question...

Recycle...

cycle M.B.A. expanded the materials collected from just paper to paper, cans and plastic.

However, the year has not been perfect. People continue to put unrecyclable materials in the bins and generally show a lack of respect for the hard work required to sort all the material. Unrecyclables just add to our workload and waste our time. Also, there has been a general lack of support for the club toward the end of the year.

Next year I hope that

there will be more respect for what is and what is not recyclable and more support for this worthwhile cause.

Finally, I would like to thank all the graduating seniors for all they have done. Flagg Youngblood, Tom Springer, and Sachin Vaikunth have been invaluable in helping with their advice and knowledge as well as the work itself. I would also like to thank Mr. Moxley, who continues to be a voice from the faculty as our faculty advisor.

Editor's Note:

The opinions and ideas expressed in this newspaper are not necessarily those of The Bell Ringer or Montgomery Bell Academy.

Student Council...

representatives, Derrick Buckspan, Jim Bowen, Michael Haslam, and Bradley Sloan, were especially helpful in this endeavor, as was Dr. Springer, who also helped in organization. The student council also performed numerous duties around campus, such as keeping the lunch prices in check.

The council has a bright future next year with senior officers Michael Haslam, Jim Bowen, Derrick Buckspan, and Andy Barrett. Any suggestions or ideas for next year's Council would be appreciated. Thanks!

Everett Holzapfel

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OPINIONS

I Give My Regards to the Class of '93: So Long and Farewell

picture by John Crosslin



Winston Chapman
Staff
Writer

Writer's note: Mr. Chapman's views are not necessarily those held by M.B.A. or *The Bell Ringer*, BUT THEY OUGHT TO BE!

Oh yes, I'm back. I know that my absence must have been hard on most of you. After all, I'm one of the few sources of pure unadulterated truth around here which I provide free of charge and with wit, good humor, and geniality. A lot has happened since my last column in the December issue, and I'm not sure how I can cover it all in this, my year-end extravaganza (but don't worry, I'll manage). I know that many of you may be asking, "Winston, where have you been these last two issues? Your genius has been sorely missed." Never fear,

my faithful readers. I have returned not to condemn those at M.B.A. who tried (and failed) to undo me, but to leave everyone with a warm, fuzzy feeling inside. I've discussed politics and morality, Clinton and longhairs, and after a brief dispatching of some liberal twaddle in the last issue, we'll be tackling something new. Now let's get to it one last time.

In the last issue of *The Bell Ringer*, I read a really interesting letter to the editor from a Harpeth Hall senior concerning an earlier article written by the M.B.A. *Men Who Care*. In her letter, she thoroughly trounced our boys, prattled on and on about how women are repressed in today's male-dominated society, and cried about how stereotypes and typical female roles lead to decadence in society. Gentlemen, femi-nazi behavior simply cannot be tolerated. It is this Murphy Brown-type attitude that puts me on the defensive. I cannot

understand how a woman is willing to work hard and has an optimistic outlook can feel that our culture is so dead-set against her. Just look how far our new co-president Hillary RODHAM Clinton has gotten in such a short time.

Now that I've finished with that business, we can move on. I decided early on that my last column would end on a positive and hopeful note with no denouncing or slandering. I'm going to talk about excellence and how important it is that we all aim for it, both here at M.B.A. and out in the world once we're there.

Things are changing quickly in both places, and in many cases not for the better. I tell you now, gentlemen, that what matters most to your future is not so much who sits in the White House, in Congress, on the faculty, or in the headmaster's office. What matters is *you*: your initiative, your industry, your effort. All these have far more control over your life and destiny than anyone or anything else. What

is essential is that you realize this and that you not be punished when your efforts succeed. And it is there that who sits in the "head office" is important.

Your fiscal successes should not be penalized by taxes, just as you should not have to worry about being attacked by an unbalanced fellow who sits next to you in class. Poor policies make things tougher and create more obstacles, but they can be survived—and can even be overcome. Let no one tell you that you are greedy and selfish if you want to be successful. Let no one say that you are a prejudiced bigot if

justice and tradition are important to you.

The secret to success for everyone is not equality, diversity, and fairness for their own sakes. The secret is simple. It is you, striving for excellence. I can see no better environment in which to achieve this excellence than M.B.A. Our par-

ents have given us a gift which is priceless and beyond any value. I challenge us all to do our best to keep M.B.A. from becoming anything less than what it has been for so long. There is no doubt in my mind that many members of my class would not be about to enter some of the finest universities in the country had they not attended a school like M.B.A..

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank Will Berry and Dr. Griffith for allowing me to write one last time. I would also like to offer a charge to all the students at M.B.A. and especially to the graduating class, a fine group of which I am proud to be a member: Go out into the world to end peace, have courage, forgive freely, support the

weak, help the suffering, strengthen the fainthearted, and honor everyone. Most of all, hold on tightly to what is good. Thank you and God bless.

The secret is simple. It is you, striving for excellence

Most of all, hold on tightly to what is good



Dear M.B.A. Students:

Most selective colleges consider grades, extracurricular activities, and SAT scores when making admissions decisions.

While it may be too late to enhance your grades or extracurricular activities dramatically, you *can* prepare for the SAT and substantially improve upon your PSAT or prior SAT score.

Of course, not everyone should use his time preparing for the SAT. You may feel that your PSAT (or prior SAT) score represents you fairly. But if you think that you can do better, consider The Princeton Review. Our course offers:

**Personal attention.* We have small classes (never more than 12 per instructor, usually less.) Our teachers are always available for extra help: as much as necessary, free of charge, until a student has "got it".

**Updated materials.* As many of you know, the SAT will see some changes in the near future (this will not affect the Classes of '93 and '94.) As for the rest of you, don't worry: we've seen the changes, and they're no big deal. (E.g., a few "non-multiple choice" math problems; antonyms tested in context—this should actually be easier; some compare/contrast reading passages—these should be more fun.) As the SAT changes, our research department in New York continually updates our materials based on published and announced changes by ETS (the test maker) and feedback from our instructors around the country who take every administration of the SAT.

**Guaranteed improvement.* Our average score improvement is 150 points total on a scale (combined math and verbal) of 400 to 1600. We guarantee 100. (100 to 150 points improvement can easily expand a student's college options.) We will work with you at no extra cost until you get at least that improvement.

If you'd like to know more about the SAT or about test preparation, call us (269-5033). You might also want to consider our book, *Cracking the SAT*. Whatever you do, we wish you god luck with your college plans.

Sincerely,

Steve Leake
Director

F. Wade McKinney
Director

ENTERTAINMENT

The Top Ten Movies of All-Time - According to Andy



Andy Anderton
Entertainment
Editor

picture by John C. Crosslin

Forget *Gone With the Wind*, don't even consider *Silence of the Lambs*, *Aladdin*... shake Disney off. The real triumphs in cinematic history can be found in my own personal favorites. The following top ten movies have influenced my childhood, let alone my entire existence. I believe the 80's were a time where people could create such impeccably extraordinary works without large budgets, without fancy fx, and without Sharon Stone. So without further ado, let us pay tribute to these fine flicks:

10. **The Goonies**- Mikey, Data, Mouth, and, of course, Chunk. Who could forget this humorous tale of pirate treasure and underground caves in which Chris Trabue made his acting debut as Sloth the deformed Fratelli brother, who although being dropped on his head several times as a child, still manages to save the day. This one had me optimistically rummaging through my neighborhood sewer for weeks looking for One-Eyed Willie; oh, the memories.

9. **Porky's**- I was young. It was Cinemax. Who could blame me? But that Lassie girl...

8. **Smokey and the Bandit**- If only all cops could be like Buford T. Justice. This is a movie about trucks and beer. Not only does this movie have a fine theme but an excellent

soundtrack, courtesy of Jerry Reed. The chemistry between characters Frog, Snowman, Bandit, and Big Enis Burdett is truly Oscar material.

7. **Evil Dead II**- I owe it to Kyle Hatcher for introducing me to this potpourri of excretions and hilarity. Combining actors off the street with a \$50 budget gives *Dead II* a thumbs up in my book. Where else can a man be attacked by his own limbs and conquer the spirits of the dead in one day? Even Steve Warshawsky is quoted as saying, "Guys, this is crazy!" Definitely a "groovy" piece of work.

6. **Midnight Madness**- Few remember this early eighties classic detailing the events of Leon's All-Nighter. An HBO classic, MM portrays Michael J. Fox in his acting debut as four teams battle the streets of the city in a massive scavenger hunt.

5. **Strange Brew**- Take off, eh. This gripping drama involves the life of Bob and Doug McKenzie played by Rick Moranis and that other fat guy who was on SCTV. The plot revolves around Bob and Doug's quest for free beer in a local Brewery. The plot thickens when a murder is discovered and the two beer bellied Canadians must save the day. A must-see for anyone with low standards and appreciation for bad humor.

4. **Spinal Tap**- Bad music, excellent movie. Before this group disgraced themselves with their recent album *Break Like the Wind*, there was this documentary on the birth of

the ultimate heavy metal band. The satirical quality behind every moment is simply good stuff. Stars "Lenny" of *Laverne and Shirley* fame along with a host of other famous cameos such as Billy Crystal and Paul Schaffer.

3. **Weird Science**- She's alive!!! Every teenage guy's dream: This is a story of Wyatt and Gary who were bored one night and casually created a girl by using their computer. Kelly LeBrock stars as Lisa, every guy's dream. If you haven't seen this milestone yet, you obviously have no life. Candle wax on the nipples, witchcraft, catatonic grandparents locked in closets, the family jewels, and (who could forget) Chet. All mixed together these elements add up to two hours of classic eighties comedy. Famous quote: (where do I start) "Do you realize its snowing in my room @##\$%#@*" and "Do you have anything in rubber or barbed wire?"

2. **Fletch**- Chevy Chase stars in the funniest movie ever made. This is the only movie I've ever seen in which every scene is hilarious. Based on the novel by Pulaski, TN resident author Gregory MacDonald, Fletch stars Chase as the chameleon newspaper reporter who assumes numerous identities in order to solve a mystery. I've never viewed a greater screenplay. Just go see it!! Famous quote: "Using the whole fist, Doc?"

1. **Star Wars**- Who could

argue this George Lucas epic to be possibly the best movie ever to be made. One of the only good things to come out of the seventies, *Star Wars* gave America a new hero and a lot of new toys. Recently alleged porno star Mark Hamill plays Luke Skywalker, a man with the hair of Barry Manilow and the skills of Superman. Now, if you have not seen this one, you had no childhood- case closed. I can only hope that the upcoming second *Star Wars* trilogy will be half as

spectacular as this fine flick.

P.S. A special thanks to all who have graced the Entertainment section this year. Good luck to Brooks and his never-ending quest to deal with editors and get articles in on time. Finally, a gracious praise to the Distribution Staff for their long hours and tedious work in an effort to enlighten the less fortunate.

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Will Berry

Will is a member of Totomoi, the Varsity football and baseball teams, the Mock Trial team and Editor-in-Chief of *The Bell Ringer*

Country Corner

picture by John Crosslin



Greg Holyfield
Staff
Writer

Well, this is it, the last *Country Corner*. I'm still a little shaken up about it, but I always knew it had to end. Letters have been pouring in to my house and the student mail at M.B.A. asking me to continue *Country Corner* next year by sending each article to

M.B.A. from the University of Georgia. However, probably to your great dismay, I can't. It is time to move on; I can't cling to the past. I've got to let it go. However, maybe there will be another who could continue *Country Corner*.

Maybe there will be someone else at this great school with the total and complete love of country music. One who loves only country music and nothing else. He might try to listen to other kinds of music, but find that in

his heart, country music is the only music that makes it beat.

Moreover, he must be willing to sacrifice his time and energy to write a column like *Country Corner*. He must want to research and use long, complex sentences. And lastly, he must be willing to open and personally read all the fan mail of this column. If you meet all of these requirements, then I'll allow you to carry on the *Country Corner* tradition. See y'all around, it's been great.

SPORTS

M.B.A. Completes Another Outstanding Athletic Year

Julian
BibbSports
Editor

The 1992-1993 M.B.A. athletic season was yet another of outstanding accomplishments as a result of the hard work and dedication of all of the athletes and coaches, as well as the efforts of Athletic Director Mr. John Bennett and headmaster Dr. Douglas Paschall.

The athletic season began in the fall of 1992 with football, cross-country, and golf. The football team had another great season under the leadership of legendary coach Tommy Owen. With Austin Koon and John Arendale as captains, the team opened the season against perennial Kentucky powerhouse Warren Central with a 42-35 overtime victory. The team continued in its winning ways despite an early season loss to Cleveland and went on to defeat district rivals Pearl-Cohn, Hillwood, Hillsboro, and Whites Creek. The Hillsboro game was especially memorable for the kickoff return for a touchdown by senior Mark Fuqua as the Big Red won 42-7.

The team advanced into the first round playoffs tying rival Father Ryan for the best record in the district, despite earlier losing to the Irish. In the first round playoff game the Big Red faced off against a powerful Stratford High team. The Big Red played with great intensity, but could not stop the Spartans, losing 21-0. The team ended the season with an 8-3 record. The team will graduate 31 Seniors, the largest number of Seniors to play for the football team in M.B.A. history. These seniors leave having totaled a 31-4 record.

The cross-country team also had a very successful season, winning the district and the region for the twelfth straight year. The team advanced into the state led by Seniors John Crosslin and Glenn Gaston with high hopes. The team, in fact, did do very well and finished

eighth in the state, attaining their goal of placing in the top ten.

The varsity golf team also had an incredible season, winning both the district and its region. The team won the district in impressive fashion, scoring 295, compositely. The team advanced into the region, led by senior D.J. Salinas, juniors Larry Underwood and Richard Douglas, and sophomores Tucker Warren and Cooper Jones. There, D.J. Salinas won the individual title for the third year in a row. The team advanced on to the state tournament and finished a strong third, improving on their seventh place finish of two years ago.

Following the conclusion of the fall sports, the winter sports, swimming, wrestling, and basketball, began. The swim team had an exceptional season, claiming the region title for the second year in a row in a stunning performance, marked by the 200m freestyle relay of Thomas Lee, Joey Martinez, Andrew Publow, and Bo Sundius which set a meet record and ultimately won the meet. The swim team then advanced into the state where they finished sixth, capping off a great season.

The varsity wrestling team endured a "rebuilding" year in which there were many young and inexperienced wrestlers to take the mat. The team struggled early on, but under the leadership of seniors Glenn Gaston and Jim Uden, and the direction of Coach Luther Killian, the wrestlers were able to come on strong at the end of the season to capture a third place spot in the region. In doing so, the team was able to qualify six wrestlers for state: Glen Gaston, Will McKeand, John Roe, Barrett Rose, Andrew Douglas, and Chenault Sanders. These wrestlers did a good job, highlighted by Glenn Gaston's sixth place finish.

The basketball team also started off young and inexperienced, but came on strong throughout the season. The team, led by new head coach, Ricky Bowers, overcame its last-place predicted finish in the district, placing

second behind state tournament qualifier Overton. One key victory which propelled the Big Red's strong finish was a memorable game against Whites Creek in which the Big Red won in overtime after a beautiful last-second shot by Andy Barrett. The team finished second in the district tournament, and advanced to the region where they lost in the first round to Glencliff. The team had a fantastic season and was consistently led by lone senior R.A. Dickey, juniors Andy Barrett and Ben Corbett, and 6 foot 7 wonder, Will Coles.

The spring sports consisted of Track, Baseball, Soccer, Tennis, and Lacrosse. The track team consistently placed well in local meets, finishing fourth in the Mid-South Classic, the Doug Hall Relays, and the Optimist Relays. The team finished second in the regional relays, backed by strong performances in the shot and pole vault relays. In the region individuals, the team qualified Joe Sitton, Buck Blair, and J.W. Felch who went on to the state and performed well, capturing fifth place in the shot-put, and fourth and sixth place in the pole vault, respectively.

The baseball team also has done extremely well, compiling a 24-5 record, the best in school history. After capturing third place in the prestigious Mid-South Classic early on in the season, the Big Red Machine finished with an 11-0 district record and won its first district tour-

namment title under Coach Fred Forehand. M.B.A. also succeeded in claiming their second straight region title by defeating Hunters Lane 6-3. The team has since advanced to the final four of the State Tournament by defeating Beech High School 5-0 in the Sub-State. The team is currently preparing for the state tournament (May 27-29), led by ace pitcher, R.A. Dickey, and fellow seniors Trent Batey, Will Berry, Mark Fuqua, and Mike Anderson.

The soccer team had an exceptional year, as well. The team claimed the district title and the region championship as they advanced to the Sub-State. In claiming the district title, the Big Red defeated Father Ryan in a classic showdown where Andy Barrett scored the only goal to efface a 1-0 victory. In the region, the team beat Hume Fog to ensure another opportunity for mauling the Irish. In fact, the team did just that, ripping the Irish 4-2. After that game, the Big Red faced Brentwood High School for the opportunity to advance to the state final four. Here, however the team was stopped short and suffered a 3-1 loss, ending the hopes of the 11 graduating seniors, but completing a great season for the M.B.A. soccer team.

The M.B.A. tennis team played "above par" throughout its entire season as it made the state semi-finals. The team won the Carter Invitational early in the season and then the district tourna-

ment with senior Sam Smaldone in singles, and junior Charles Warner with sophomore Randy Howell in doubles winning individual titles. The Tennis Team went on to claim the team region title by defeating Antioch. This enabled the team to go to the state where they lost in the semi-finals to Baylor. In individual play, Sam Smaldone lost in the state semi-finals to the eventual champion after winning the individual region title. In doubles, Warner and Howell also won the individual region before losing in the state finals.

The Lacrosse team finished up the M.B.A. athletic season with an impressive 17-0 record. The team won the M.A.L.C. and the TSLA Championships. From these victories, the Lacrosse team, under Coach John Baer, advanced to play in the Mid-American tournament where they won three straight games to claim the title, as All-Americans Alex Dean and Aaron Peterson led the team on defense and offense, respectively.

The greatness of these athletic teams helped to make one of the best athletic seasons in M.B.A.'s history. This athletic excellence could not have been attained, however without the leadership of the coaches and the players. The senior class, also, greatly contributed to the success as they led in their spirit and work both on and off the field. Their presence will surely be missed in the seasons to come.

The Tennessee Outdoorsman

by Frazer Buntin and Jim Dismukes, Outdoorsmen

Welcome back fellas! Prepare yourself for the git' all of outdoors articles and inside facts. With this being our last installment of *The Tennessee Outdoorsman*, we plan to make it the pick of the litter, the cream of the crop, the big Kahuna.

Bare with us for a while because we are going to get a little philosophical. The other day we were out wetting' a line at a favorite fishing spot of ours and the bass just weren't biting. Suddenly, Jim and I had a revelation; people

just don't understand the real spirit of outdoor sports. Now even though we weren't catching anything but a heat stroke, there was still no place we would rather have been. Hunting and fishing is not about killing or slaughter, it's about a primal instinct that is at the heart of every man. It is about the force that makes a man get up in the early hours of darkness in the freezing cold to experience a group of wood ducks sail through the trees and gracefully land in a small hole of water. Hunting is about

being proud of tracking and stalking a heavily racked buck as the sun slides behind the horizon even if you don't get a shot off. I cannot explain the satisfaction or feeling that I have found in all my years of wilderness adventures. It has been an important part of my growing up and development of character. I am forever thankful to those who introduced me to this pastime.

Well, enough small talk; Let's get down to business. Please see **OUTDOORS**, page 15

SPORTS

Big Red Baseballers Return to Final Four

by Will Berry, Editor-in-Chief

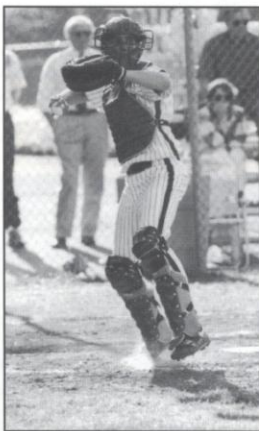
At press time, the M.B.A. varsity baseball team was preparing to play in the final four of the AAA state baseball tournament. Thus far, the team has had the best season in school history, recording a 24-5 record in winning the regular season district title, the district tournament title, the regional tournament, and the substate.

After storming through the regular season with an 11-0 district record, the Big Red Machine prepared to do something that had not previously been done during Coach Forehand's six year tenure: win the district tournament. Anderson Williams' leadoff homer set the tone for the team in the tournament, as the Big Red opened with a 13-0 thrashing of Father Ryan. In three games this season,

M.B.A. has outscored Ryan 38-1. Ace R.A. Dickey pitched the first three innings and Steve Bess finished the last two innings of the rout. The following day, the Big Red took on Overton in the finals of the winners' bracket, with Dickey again taking the mound. In a pitcher's duel, M.B.A. needed only a Mike Anderson triple and a Dickey home run to secure a hard-fought 2-1 win. In the championship game, the Big Red trounced Overton, who had earlier defeated Ryan in the losers' bracket, 4-1.

From there, the Big Red Machine went on into the region tournament, where it soundly defeated McGavock before taking on Hunters Lane in the re-

gion final. M.B.A. defeated the Warriors 6-3, with Bess



Catcher Mike Anderson

pitching a strong five innings on the mound and Dickey getting the save. Loren Nash's grand slam gave the Big Red all the scoring it needed as M.B.A. advanced to the substate to face Beech.

The Big Red clinched its second consecutive trip to the state tournament with a 5-0 mauling of the Buccaneers. Dave Sifford, Loren Nash, Steve Bess, and R.A. Dickey all hit home runs while Dickey pitched seven shutout innings, allowing only two hits. The Big Red will take on Germantown in the opening round of the state beginning on Friday, May 26. Receiving all-district honors for M.B.A. were Dickey, Bess, Anderson, Sifford, Trent Batey, and Parkes Owen. Other

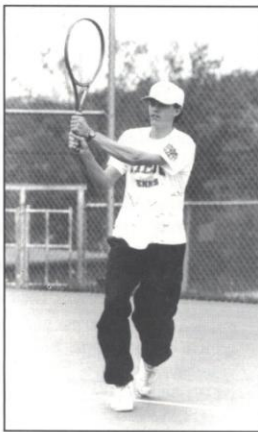
members of the starting lineup who have made strong contributions are Mark Fuqua, Loren Nash, and Will Berry. Rounding out the team are: Anderson Williams, Joey Delemos, Jackson Dale, Monte Poe, Ted Morrissey, Howard Kong, John Sexton, and John Downey.

One main key to the team's success has been the coaching staff of Forehand, Woolsey, Wims, and Mike Morrissey. Another key to the team success and organization have been the managers, Patrick King, Jeremy Langlois, and John Lyell. Special thanks to Dr. Paschall for his support. Come and watch as the Big Red Machine rolls to its first state championship since 1978!

Tennis Team Wins Substate

by Jim Bowen, Staff Writer

Riding the success of its first Carter Invitational Championship in 13 years, the M.B.A. tennis team headed into the post-season with much confidence and determination. Hoping to equal or surpass the success of last year's team, the Big Red had much to prove entering the district tournament. Any doubts as to this team's success, however, were soon erased. Led by senior #1 Sam Smaldone, junior Jim Bowen, and doubles teams of Charles Warner-Randy Howell and Bill McGugin-Dan McGugin, the M.B.A. team quickly destroyed all foes. Individually, Sam took first in the district with a win over USN's Alan Marnett, while Warner-Howell defeated teammates McGugin-McGugin to take the doubles championship. After a week of intense practice, the team prepared for the region tournament, where in the first round it faced an extremely overrated 18-1 Antioch team. The match lasted only 38 minutes as the M.B.A. team lost a combined total of six games. Two days later the Big Red travelled across town to rival FRA home



Region Champ Sam Smaldone

match in the sub-state one week later against Beech. Meanwhile, in the individual region tournament, Sam repeated his district performance, again taking the finals with a hard-fought 3-set victory over USN's Marnett. In the doubles, Warner and

Howell again defeated freshmen Bill and Dan McGugin, to take the region doubles trophy. Following this individual success, the team rejoined and travelled to Beech where it needed little over an hour to defeat the Buccaneers and reach the state final four. After another week of intense preparation, the team faces state powerhouse Chattanooga-Baylor in the final four, where it put up a valiant effort but lost 4-0 to the tough, international squad of Baylor. However, the Big Red returned the next day to perform well in the individual competition where the McGugin doubles team reached the final eight, Smaldone reached the final four, and the doubles team of Howell-Warner got all the way to the finals before losing to a tough Baylor opponent. Overall, despite the loss to Baylor, M.B.A. was extremely pleased with its season. With wins over every formidable team in the state except Baylor, they placed an unofficial second in the state, but more importantly, established itself as a team of the future in Tennessee.

The 1993 M.B.A. track team began the season with the goal of winning the state team relays. After compiling a 4-0 dual meet record, and placing third in the Mid-South Classic at McCallie, the team competed in the Nashville Relays at M.B.A. to qualify for the team state relays. This meet was highlighted with a shot-put record by Joe Sitton, Sanjay Shenai, and Andy Ward; a pole vault victory by Buck Blair, J.W. Felch, and Austin Koon; and a strong discus showing by Brandon Shea, Andy Ward, and Shannon Durrett. Unfortunately, the jumping relays and the running events could not sustain the field events' lead and

M.B.A. failed to qualify, placing second to eventual relay state champion McGavock.

After this disappointing finish, the team prepared for the individual region championships. Along the way the team had finished fourth in the Optimist and fourth in the Banner with Sitton (shot-put), Blair (pole vault), Felch (pole vault), Crosslin (mile, two mile), Harris (mile, two mile), unusually strong 4x100, 4x200, and 4x400 relays consisting of Braden, Cummings, Hardison, Pickel, Greenwood, Walker, and freshman Daniel



John Crosslin in the two-mile

Please see **TRACK**, page 15

SPORTS

Soccer Team Finishes Season in Substate

by Julian Bibb, Sports Editor

The 1993 M.B.A. Soccer team finished the year with a very strong performance. The team began the District tournament seeded second overall. In the first game of the tournament the Big Red played ? Moving into the second game,

Region, played at M.B.A., Big Red squared off against Hume Fogg. The Red Machine won the game without much opposition by a score of 5-0. With this victory, the Big Red advanced into the finals to play once again the despised Fa-



Andy Russ hurdles an opponent

the team faced a confident F.R.A., who was coming off of a three game winning streak. Early on in the game, F.R.A. gave the Big Red some trouble. M.B.A. went ahead early 1-0, but F.R.A. came back and tied the game 1-1. Then, tragedy struck. Senior Matt Barrett collided with an ungainly F.R.A. player while going up for a head-ball and came down with a broken nose. The game went into the half tied, but M.B.A. came out strong in the second half despite not having the injured Barrett, and went on to win the game 3-1. This victory placed M.B.A. in the finals of the District tournament against rival Father Ryan. In that game the Big Red dominated the Irish in a tough defensive struggle, winning the game 1-0.

With this victory the team advanced to the Region tournament, holding the first seed. In the first game of the

ther Ryan squad. In this clash of the titans, the team knew it would have to play exceptionally well in order to defeat the powerful offense of Ryan. In front of a its rowdiest crowd of the year, the Big Red put on an impressive show, schooling the Irish 4-2. Despite the marked absence of Matt Barrett, brother Andy Barrett scored two goals, while Sean Murphy and Andy Russ also scored to give the Big Red the win.

This victory advanced the team into the State Quarterfinals (Sub-state). Here the team was to play Brentwood High for the right to advance into State tournament. Although they played a hard-fought game, the team was unable to win the game and lost to the Bruins 3-1. The Big Red Soccer Team had an great season and the eleven graduating Seniors wish the best for next year's team.

Track...

scoring the points. At the region, M.B.A. qualified Sitton, Felch and Blair to the state and finished a strong third behind McGavock (State Runner-up) and Hunter's Lane, the state champion.

One other highlight of the region was Joe Braden's 100 meter run in which he broke the old mark of 11.1 seconds and set the new one at

10.8 seconds. Next year, the track team will once again try to complete their goal of winning the state championship.

In the state meet, Sitton, Blair, and Felch represented M.B.A. well, finishing fifth, fourth, and sixth, respectively. Overall, the team had yet another strong season and looks to improve next year.

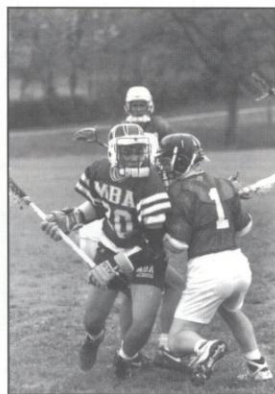
M.B.A. Lacrosse Wins MALC

by Kyle Hatcher, Staff Writer

The 1993 Big Red Lacrosse team finished the season for the second consecutive year as Mid-American champions with a 12-6 domination of Lafayette High of St. Louis. The Southern Division Champs posted an unblemished record of 17-0, and have compiled a two-year mark of 35-2. When I last left you fellow, clueless students on the Lacrosse report, we still had games to play in the future. Summer County and Brentwood fell by a composite score of 47-3 against the mighty Red juggernaut. Ultimately, these teams looked about as poor as humanly possible. As Todd Counter so concisely summed: "I don't care if it's baseball, football, tennis bowling, or cricket, but if you (Brentwood) get beat 29-1, then you're just flat out pitiful." The team agreed, for they were pretty bad.

However, the Lax team forged on through the Nashville Invitational Tournament by smothering St. Joseph's of South Bend, Ind., Kirkwood of St. Louis, and our formidable rivals (Fax me) McCallie for the third time. The victory over McCallie did force a further burden upon the Big Red, however, with the broken collarbone injury

to Will Hickerson. The shallow varsity squad was further depleted and required to play greater amounts of time. With



Aaron Peterson

the NILT under our belts, M.B.A. moved on to the state championship and a chance for the second MALC title. A great balance of offensive movement and defensive toughness led to a 15-0 destruction of CBHS in the semifinals and a fourth destruction of the baby blue terrors of McCallie, 12-5.

The lax squadron now had to focus only on one final game against the Northern Division champions: Lafayette Lancers. Basically, I'll tell you flat out that we dominated and they didn't.

All-American goalie Alex Dean won the game's M.V.P. award with a brilliant display of saves in the net, and the offensive show was led by Anton Hie, All-American Aaron Peterson, and Tommy Brown. Todd Counter posted a solid game on defense and Kyle Hatcher completed his share of penalties upon the Lancer attackmen.

The supposed All-American and coach's son Jake Bloomenthal led the Lancers in whining and Schiel imitation. An array of grunts and complaints filled the air from the pathetic lips of the Lancers. As they were checked upon and slapped at, cries from the St. Louis fans sounded as

to the pitifulness of the referees, which I personally agree with, and rowdy seniors mocked the black and gold Lancers continuously from the sidelines. The night culminated with the incredible smack talk against the loser Lancers and a celebration of Bruno and Boasting at Tron's. The varsity team ended the season with individual all-star status for each member and the satisfaction that we're fine and everyone else is just worthless. Thanks for supporting the squad. Later.

Outdoors...

ness. Spring's almost over and the bass are on the attack. Topwater lures or soft plastic are the key to bringing in the big ones. We recommend a purple worm with a 1/8 ounce lead head or the Slug-O worm of your choice. Work these baits slowly around and on top of the moss and other cover. In heavy moss, a Seam-Frog, Moss-Boss, or a Texas-rigged worm will produce the most fish. Fishing heavy moss is one of my favorite and one of the most exciting types of fishing. Watching a huge large-mouth explode from the water and swallow your bait with a force big enough to leave a two foot hole in the moss is as fun as a cricket in

your shorts.

At this point we would like to commemorate one of the finest baits ever produced: the Slug-O. With its unique shape and incredible action, these worms can entice bass to strike in any condition when all others fail. Bubble-gum pink is probably the most popular color but most any will work. The other day Jim and I were fishing in a small farm pond in the late afternoon. I tied on the old faithful purple worm with a small lead head and Jim tied on a Slug-O. Within five minutes Jim had landed three nice bass and I was still empty handed, swearing at my bait. The Slug-O has produced fish

for us from large lakes such as Priest to small, moss ponds around farms. These worms are a must for the tackle box.

Well, school's almost out and the summer's almost here. We suggest that y'all head for the big waters of Old Hickory and Kentucky Lake or the small farm ponds found every where in the local area. Next year, Jim will be heading to the rolling valleys of North Carolina and I will be heading south to the hills of Tennessee. Even though we are going our separate ways, I'm sure we will both continue to enjoy and experience the thrills and satisfaction of the wilderness. Fulfill the legacy! See ya' in the field.

COLLEGE CHOICES

<u>Michael Anderson</u> Mercer	<u>Ben Curtis</u> Spring Hill	<u>Tom Hamling</u> Rhodes	<u>Bo Mixon</u> Tennessee	<u>Samuel Smaldone</u> Emory
<u>Andy Anderton</u> Tennessee	<u>Alex Dean</u> Ohio Wesleyan	<u>Clay Hartzog</u> Middlebury	<u>Sean Murphy</u> St. Lawrence	<u>Adam Solesby</u> Virginia
<u>John Arendale</u> Baylor	<u>Jeremy Derryberry</u> Eckerd	<u>Kyle Hatcher</u> Georgia	<u>Stokes Palmer</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Thomas Springer</u> George Washington
<u>Matt Barrett</u> Georgia	<u>R.A. Dickey</u> Tennessee	<u>Phillip Hill</u> Memphis State	<u>Kavi Paruchuri</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Peter Stahl</u> Bowdoin
<u>Jason Barton</u> Washington & Lee	<u>Jim Dismukes</u> Brevard College	<u>Greg Holyfield</u> Georgia	<u>Aaron Peterson</u> Brigham Young	<u>Shooter Stein</u> Mississippi
<u>Trent Batey</u> Mississippi	<u>Shannon Durrett</u> Navy	<u>Brendan Hughes</u> Notre Dame	<u>Hal Pickel</u> Baylor	<u>Sean Strauss</u> Denver
<u>Will Berry</u> Virginia	<u>Baker Eadie</u> North Carolina	<u>Brandon Hulette</u> Tulsa	<u>Doug Pierce</u> Emory	<u>Alan Sundell</u> Harvard
<u>Julian Bibb</u> University of the South	<u>Cal Elcan</u> Spring Hill College	<u>Patrick Jackson</u> Virginia	<u>Andrew Publow</u> Richmond	<u>Bo Sundius</u> Brown
<u>Kirk Brown</u> Georgia	<u>Andrew Fitzgerald</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Harrison Johnson</u> Auburn	<u>Howard Rietz</u> Miami, Fl.	<u>Chris Trabue</u> University of the South
<u>Frazer Buntin</u> University of the South	<u>Hayes Fowler</u> Tennessee	<u>Winn Keathley</u> Trinity (TX)	<u>Justin Robinson</u> Alabama	<u>Jim Uden</u> University of the South
<u>Michael Burke</u> Belmont	<u>Mark Fuqua</u> Richmond	<u>Austin Koon</u> North Carolina	<u>Andy Russ</u> Mississippi State	<u>Andrew Vahrenkamp</u> Emory
<u>Winston Chapman</u> Washington & Lee	<u>Glenn Gaston</u> Georgia	<u>Geoffrey Leek</u> Tennessee	<u>Clinton Russell</u> Auburn	<u>Sachin Vaikunth</u> Brown
<u>Todd Counter</u> Georgia	<u>Michael Gavigan</u> Notre Dame	<u>Michael Ligon</u> Vanderbilt	<u>D.J. Salinas</u> Tennessee Tech	<u>Ward Waltemath</u> Washington & Lee
<u>John Crosslin</u> Emory	<u>John Greek</u> Western Kentucky	<u>Giachery Lizarraga</u> Massachusetts	<u>Wesley Schiel</u> Georgia Tech	<u>Andy Ward</u> Tennessee
<u>Chip Crossman</u> Missouri-Rolla	<u>Suresh Gunasekaran</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Brad Maggart</u> Wofford	<u>Sanjay Shenai</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Rob Whitley</u> Georgia
<u>Jody Cummings</u> North Carolina	<u>Jeremy Hagan</u> Georgia	<u>Bartley McGehee</u> Vanderbilt	<u>Ford Simpkins</u> Colorado College	<u>Flagg Youngblood</u> Yale

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